

**4** Allegro moderato.

137

JOHN. *mf*  
I cannot sleep — half of her heart is mine and half else —

T. C.

JOHN. *f*  
where — Where then? That is the rid-dle, which I must solve or die

T. C.

JOHN. *rall.*  
That which she fol-lows That which has power on her!

T. C.

My friend, —

Adagio. Allegro moderato. *mf*  
I can-not sleep! How can I pierce the

T. C.

go sleep!